

The



TATLER

& BYSTANDER

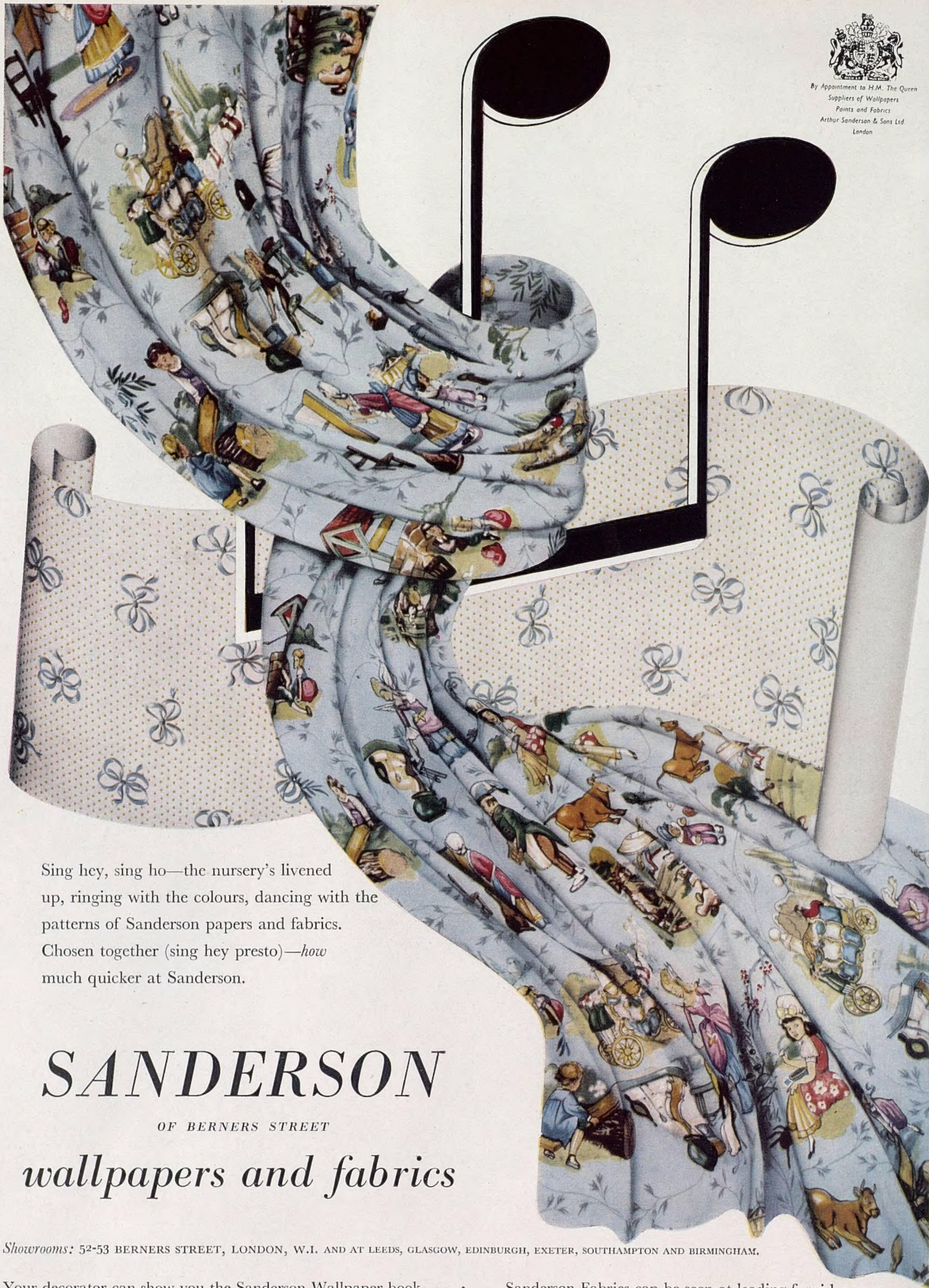


JAN. 16, 1957
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MRS. RONALD FERGUSON is the wife of Capt. Ronald Ferguson, of the Life Guards. Before her marriage in January last year she was Miss Susan Wright, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Wright of Bridgewater House, Grantham, Lincolnshire; her husband is the son of Col. and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson of Dummer House, Dummer, Hampshire. Mrs. Ferguson is very interested in horses and often watches her husband when he is playing polo at Windsor or steeplechasing at Sandown. They live in Chesham Place

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 16 to January 23

Jan. 16 (Wed.) Racing at Lingfield Park.

Racing at Sandown Park and Worcester.

Jan. 17 (Thurs.) Racing at Lingfield Park.

Jan. 20 (Sun.) Oxford Hilary Term begins.

Jan. 18 (Fri.) Squash Rackets: Wales v. South Africa (Cardiff S.R.C.).

Jan. 21 (Mon.) The Furniture Trade Exhibition (to 31, closed 26 and 27), Earls Court.

Cresta Run at St. Moritz: Race for Heaton Gold Cup (two days).

Racing at Wolverhampton.

Cowdray Hunt Ball at Cowdray House.

Jan. 22 (Tues.) Squash Rackets: Scotland v. South Africa (Edinburgh S.R.C.).

H.H. Ball at Guildhall, Winchester.

Racing at Wolverhampton.

Racing at Sandown Park.

Jan. 19 (Sat.) Athletics: Inter-County C.C. Championships.

Rugby Football: England v. Wales at Cardiff.

Association Football: Wales v. Ireland (Amateur), Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire.

Fernie Hunt Ball at Dingley Hall, Market Harborough.

Jan. 23 (Wed.) The Furniture Exhibition (Public Exhibition), to Feb. 2 (closed Jan. 27), Ground Floor, Earls Court.

North Northumberland Hunt Ball at Tillmouth Park Hotel, Cornhill-on-Tweed.



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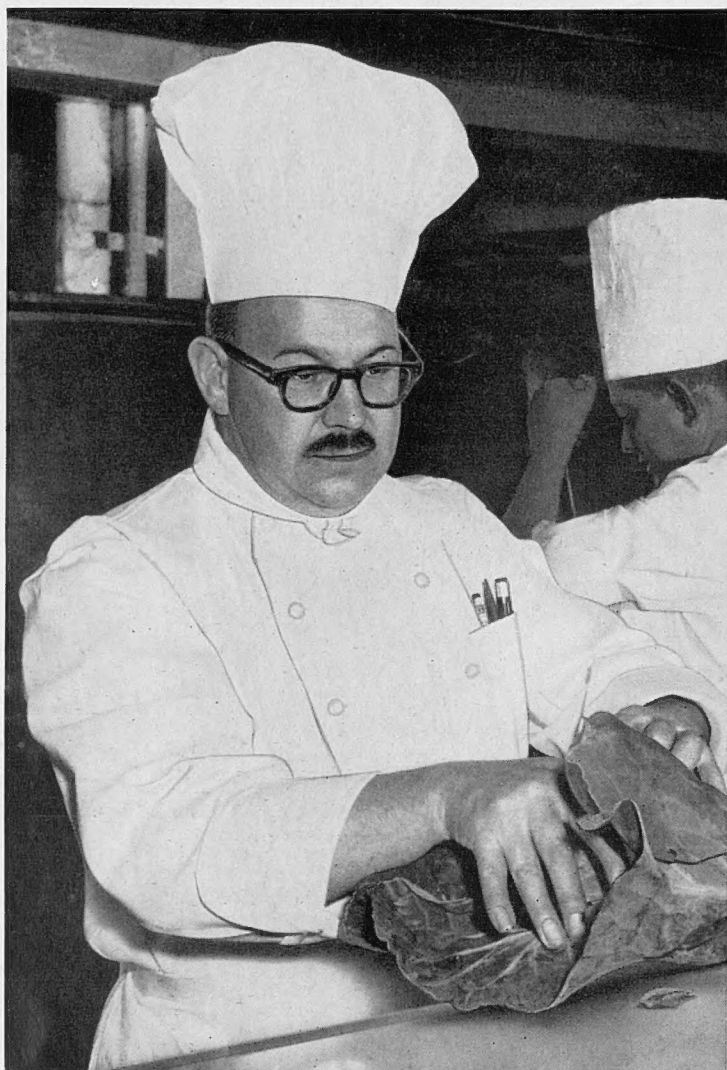
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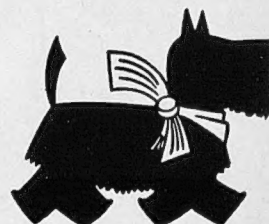
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TWEEDS SCARVES

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F. J. Goodman

An American hostess in London

MRS. MICHAEL T. CANFIELD is seen in her delightfully decorated London house in Chester Square, S.W.1. Her husband, who was formerly the London representative of Harper Bros., is an

attache at the American Embassy, and special assistant to Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, who finishes his term of office as Ambassador this year. Before her marriage Mrs. Canfield was Miss Lee Bouvier

OXFORDSHIRE QUARTET

LADY CAROLINE WATERHOUSE, the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, is the wife of Major Hugh Waterhouse. She is seen with their three children, Elizabeth, Michael and David Charles, at their home, Kidmore House, in south Oxfordshire



Barry Sw...

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE H.A.C.'s NEW YEAR BALL

ARMOURY HOUSE, near Moorgate in the heart of the City, made a wonderful setting for "The Batteries' Ball," given by the Honourable Artillery Company, which I mentioned last week but could not write about owing to lack of space. More than 500 guests came to the ball and dancing took place in the big drill hall, which had been cleverly lit and draped with muslin to make a delightful ballroom, with little tables arranged on two sides and at one end so that parties were able to keep together.

There was a buffet in the first floor "Long Room," where a cheerful fire was burning at one end in a large fireplace. This is a panelled room, where the regimental dinners are held, and among the portraits on the walls are very fine ones of the late King George V and King George VI. The latter is by Maurice Codner, President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and was the last picture to be painted of the late King. Between these, hanging from the balcony of the little music gallery, were the Colours which the Queen presented to the Regiment about eighteen months ago. As one arrived at the ball, tickets were taken by troopers of the King's Troop of the R.H.A., who looked picturesque in their full-dress uniform. Many of those present wore uniform and decorations, which made it a very colourful scene.

At midnight, everyone welcomed the New Year in the ballroom, hands were joined in the traditional manner and "Auld Lang Syne" sung. Those present (many of whom brought parties) included the Commanding Officer of the 1st Regiment H.A.C., Lt.-Col. Mike Austin-Smith, Col. Aubrey Lincoln, a former C.O., Major Thomas Nicole, the second in command, W/Cdr. Harman, the very able Secretary of the City of London T.A. Association, Major James Baxter and Capt. Derek Walker. Pictures of the ball will be found overleaf.

From here I went on to the Savoy, where the Limelight Ball, in aid of the Royal London Society for Blind Children, was being held for the fourth year running on New Year's Eve. This has now become a social and popular event, and, as last year, tickets were sold out some time before the night of the ball. Many people rightly feel that, while they want to celebrate the New Year with a party, it makes them much happier to know that at the same time they are contributing towards those not so fortunate as themselves. Last year the ball raised £3,500 for these blind children, and the result of this year's ball is hoped to

be even bigger. During the year the Society bought a house in Kent, badly needed as a new home for the blind children, which was opened by Princess Margaret, and they are now trying to pay off the balance on the property. Anyone who was not present at the ball and would like to help can still send a donation, large or small, to Countess Mountbatten of Burma, or Lady Pulbrook, at the Society's Headquarters, 105 Salisbury Road, N.W.6.

COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN, who takes a very keen interest in the Society, was President of the ball, Lady Pulbrook the vice-chairman, and they received the guests with Mr. Thomas Clark, the chairman. Earl Mountbatten was there, also Lady Pamela Mountbatten, and among other guests in their party were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Lady Pulbrook had a big party at her table, including Sir Simon and Lady Marks, Mr. Martin Lindsay, M.P., her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Jack Matthews—he, incidentally, was Lord Mountbatten's pilot during the war—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Waite, Col. Dudley Norton, Major Peter Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth More; Mr. More was a tremendous help with the auction, which was done by Jacqueline Mackenzie and raised a good sum.

There was a pair of ruby and gold ear-rings by Boucheron, which made nearly £200, and Vasco Lazzolo the artist gave a blank canvas which was first knocked down to Sir Simon Marks for £250. Sir Simon with his usual generosity gave it back again and this time it was bought for £200 by Mr. Hubert Raphael, who was seeing the New Year in here with his wife and young daughters in a party.

Other young people at this very happy gathering, which included lots of young faces, were Lady Davina Pepys, Miss May Hodson, Mr. Nicholas Milne, Miss Gillian Ireland Smith, Mr. Jeremy Crewdson, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, the Hon. Nicholas Vivian, and Philippa and Sarah, the teenage daughters of Mr. David Drummond and his lovely wife. The latter wore the prettiest dress at the ball, of shocking pink silk organza. At another table I saw Col. and Mrs. Bill Murray Lawes in a big party which included Mr. Ivan and Lady Edith Foxwell and Major Stanley Cayzer. Lord and Lady Colwyn had a party at another table, and when I went up to the River Room to see the tombola and special prizes, which included a television set and Kenwood mixer, I met Mr. and Mrs. Philip Zulueta, who had been trying their luck.

Hutch did the cabaret, and Tommy Trinder, who was appearing in the cabaret in the restaurant, came down and also did a turn. The New Year was ushered in by the well-known skater Gloria Nord, who appeared through a giant book and turned over another page to start a New Year.

★ ★ ★

THE same evening Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold, who is always a brilliant hostess, gave a delightful party at Canning House in Belgrave Square. As with everything she does, it was all arranged to perfection. I arrived about half an hour after midnight and found guests had stopped dancing for a short while and were sitting round listening to Miss Vera Scott the television singer, better known on the B.B.C. and television as Carmen del Rio, singing songs and accompanying herself on the piano. She received tremendous applause and had to give several encores.

Among those listening to her and enjoying this very good party were the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the latter very beautiful in black, the Marquis de Miramon and his lovely wife, who made a wonderful picture in an off-the-shoulder red velvet dress, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks—he was off the following day on a business trip to South America—Lord William Taylour, Vicomte d'Orthez and Vicomtesse d'Orthez (Moiria Lister) who has recently returned from a very successful tour in South Africa, and Mr. Rolo and his lovely Italian-born wife, who have just bought a house in Wilton Street. That good-looking couple, the Colombian Ambassador and Mme. Villarreal, who will be greatly missed when he shortly retires, were at the party; also the Uruguayan Ambassador and his pretty wife, Mme. Quadros, the Dominican Ambassador and Señora de Thomén, the Paraguayan Chargé d'Affaires, Lady Elizabeth Shirley, who is Mrs. Arnold's very efficient personal assistant at Canning House, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Lord Nicholas Gordon Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood—who, like myself, came on later—Mr. and Mrs. John van Haeften, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Matthews, and that charming young couple Mr. and Mrs. Dermot de Trafford, who like the de Miramons have an enchanting family of five children.

★ ★ ★

JUST over 300 children, many of them in fancy dress, attended the Blue Bird Party in aid of the League of Pity at the Hyde Park Hotel. Miss Violet Ballantine, whose dancing classes are appreciated by parents of so many children in London and around Newbury, where she gives a class at Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles's house—and at a nearby school, one day a week—was chairman of the party. A great many of the children present were her pupils; the others were friends they had brought with them. Besides dancing and a delicious tea, there was plenty to amuse the children with a merry-go-round, slides, a brantub and a tiny tots corner. At three-fifteen there was a fancy dress parade when Mrs. John Ward and Dorothy Dickson had the very hard task of judging the prizewinners; they also judged the dancing competition later.

One of the prizewinners was Mrs. Charles Maxwell's little daughter Sarah, dressed as a bride. Though only about 20 months old, she paraded round gaily. Mrs. Vic Oliver's daughter Shelley looked adorable as a coster, Lady Melchett's daughter, the Hon. Kerena Mond, came as Alice in Wonderland, and her brother the Hon. Peter Mond as the Mad Hatter. She was a prizewinner in one of the dancing competitions, as was Googie Withers's little daughter Joanna McCallum, who was not in fancy dress. Mrs. Vernon Tate's grandchildren Timothy and Amanda Forbes, dressed as a Toreador and Spanish Lady, were prizewinners too; they danced a perfect samba together. Their mother, Mrs. Forbes, had made their marvellous costumes. Mrs. Vernon Tate, who was also present, had another grandson there, as Piers Belmont, who is not yet two years old, came with his mother Mrs. Michael Belmont, and danced with his cousin Vanessa Forbes, the youngest of that family, who is only twenty-one months old. Lady Mancroft was there with her two youngest daughters, the Hon. Victoria and the Hon. Jessica Mancroft, who looked enchanting in white frilly frocks, doing a spirited gallop together. Lady (Charles) Russell brought her daughter Clare and a very big party.

OTHER mothers I saw were Mrs. Andrew Mays with her year-old son, Mrs. Jack Hawkins and her young family (off to Switzerland next day), Lady Melchett wearing a gay red cap with her black dress, Lady Mancroft, Mrs. Kenneth More who was later joined by her husband who was in time to watch his two-year-old daughter join in the gallop, Mrs. Allason, who brought her two sons dressed as Rajahs, and Mrs. Desmond Forbes-Adam, who had taken six tickets. Unfortunately her own children were ill, so she very gallantly gave the tickets to friends, came herself, and worked hard. So also did Mrs. Edward Pool, and Mrs. Anthony Quayle, who like the other two was a member of the committee which really did work hard in helping Miss Ballantine to make the party a huge success. Mrs. Anthony Quayle, who before her marriage made, as Dorothy Hyson, such a success on the stage

[Continued overleaf]



A cocktail party was given in Bryanston Square by Mrs. Edward Barford for her daughter Miss Sarah Johnstone who is coming out this year. Mother and daughter are seen above

Miss Susan Shafto, with Mr. Jonathan Riley-Smith and Lady Frances Curzon

Mr. Ian Stewart-Brown, Miss Daphne Philippon, Miss Joanna Hirsch



A. V. Swaehle Adam Barford, Mr. Julian Watson, Miss Joan Lawton and Miss Tessa Milne

Mr. Clive Barford, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith, Miss Gail Clyde



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1957
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*Mr. Richard Scott-Ram, Miss Jean Garrett
and Mr. Francis Black*

A coming-of-age party was given by Cdr. and Mrs. C. R. Garrett for their son, Mr. David Garrett, at Vicarage Gardens, W.8. Right: Mr. David Garrett with his parents at the party



*Mr. Ronald Dean in conversation with Miss
Carol Overton*



*Mr. Tim Norwood and
Miss Susan Milne*



*Miss Brenda Lea and Mr.
Paul Smallwood*

and screen, had two daughters dancing in the excellent cabaret done by the children. Zanna, who has inherited her mother's and grandmother's beauty, looked very pretty in purple, and Jenny her younger sister, as one of the two Bisto Kids, gave a very amusing and talented performance. Dancing and singing with Jenny Quayle, also very cleverly, was Lindy Denison-Pender, who has been one of Miss Ballantine's pupils since she was eleven months old. Other children taking part in the cabaret included Diana Fitzgibbon, who danced a solo, Oenone Scott, Nichola Kebbe, Gabrielle Lloyd, and Sandra Calvert who was an enchanting toy in a striped suit.

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THE first night of a new ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is always an exciting event, especially when the composer is conducting too. I personally thoroughly enjoyed the opening night of *The Prince Of The Pagodas*. Benjamin Britten has written some very tuneful music for this ballet which he conducted with verve. The choreography and scenario is by John Cranko, whose revue, *Cranks*, has been such a success, the scenery by John Piper and costumes, which were very colourful, by Desmond Heeley.

The ballet had a great reception, and Svetlana Beriosova, who danced superbly in the leading role of the Princess Belle Rose, was snowed under with exquisite bouquets and baskets of flowers. The retiring American Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich watched the performance from the Royal Box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley. The Earl and Countess of Harewood, who are great friends of the composer, were, I heard, in the audience, but I did not see them. Sir Kenneth Clark had a party in his usual box, and on the opposite side in another box I saw Mr. Sandy and the Hon. Mrs. Pease accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Murray. Sir Gerald Kelly was there, also the Hon. James Smith accompanied by Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Campbell, the latter looking very glamorous in flame

red chiffon, Mr. Anthony Gishford, Mr. Hardy Amies, Mr. William Akroyd and Mr. David Lloyd Lowles.

★ ★ ★

LADY ASTOR OF HEVER has very kindly lent her lovely London home in Carlton House Terrace for a dress show in aid of the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association, next Tuesday, January 22. This will be of great interest as the spring models to be shown have been designed by the clever Dublin designer, Miss Sybil Connolly, and it is the first time her clothes have been shown in this country. Miss Connolly, who has not only built up a big private clientele, but also a fine export market across the Atlantic, has engaged some of the most glamorous models for the display of over fifty of her newest creations.

Lady Astor is chairman of the committee arranging the show, with Ann Lady Orr-Lewis vice-chairman. Among those supporting them to raise money for a very good cause are the Hon. Mrs. John Astor and the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Astor, the Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Robin McAlpine, the Marchioness Camden, Lady (Simon) Marks, Countess Cadogan, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. John Ward, Viscountess Cowdray and Viscountess Vaughan. Tickets for the dress show may be had from Lady Astor of Hever, 18 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1.

★ ★ ★

MR. RUBY HOLLAND MARTIN, as this year's Prime Warden of the Fishmongers, is kindly giving a sherry party at the Fishmongers' Hall on April 4 for members of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The Duke of Norfolk, who is President of the C.P.R.E., will preside at a committee meeting there first to discuss plans for the England Ball, which is to be held at Grosvenor House on May 14 to raise funds for the C.P.R.E. Tickets for the ball from Mrs. Langley-Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.



Lt. J. S. Hayward and Mrs. Hayward, Mrs. Chastney and Lt. B. Chastney

CITY GUNNERS' GUESTS

ARMOURY HOUSE was the scene of the Honourable Artillery Company's Batteries Ball. Above: Lt.-Col. J. M. Austin-Smith, who commands the 1st H.A.C., R.H.A., with Mrs. Austin-Smith. There were 500 guests

Mr. D. Messervy and Miss Jenny Irvine

Mr. Martin Rowe and Mrs. Rowe



Mr. Michael Cockell, Miss Juliet Hague, Miss Ann Baxter and Capt. Dermack Walker

Mr. U. Williams, Miss Jill Simpson, Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Patrick Lynch



Mr. R. Saunders, Mrs. Saunders, Miss M. Briggs



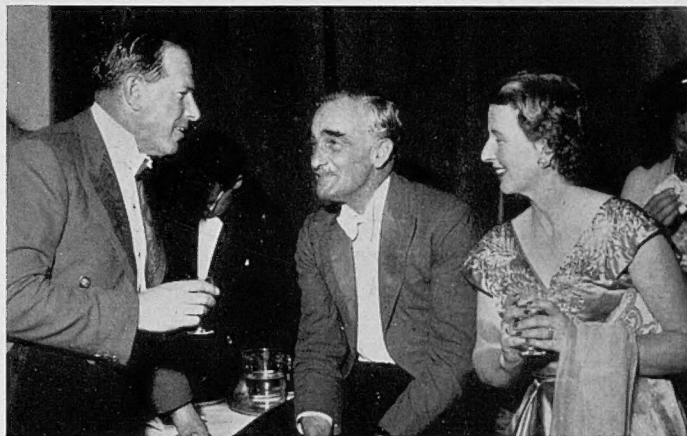
Mrs. Rae and Mr. Gordon Rae were others there



Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Michael Todhunter and Lady Clarissa Duncombe, the Earl of Feversham's daughter



*Mr. W. Picton-Warlow, Cottesmore joint-M.F.H.,
Col. C. Heber Percy and Mrs. Picton-Warlow*

*Mr. and Mrs. Ian Urquhart
were among the guests*

*The Duke of Rutland and
Mrs. James Hanbury*

THE BELVOIR BALL

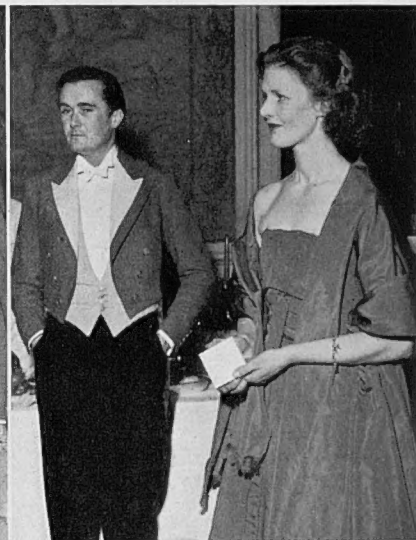
AT Burley Hall, Rutland, home of Col. James Hanbury, a joint-Master, the Belvoir held their hunt ball. Above: Col. H. Beddington, who is one of the joint-Masters, and Mrs. Jolyon Briggs



Mr. Bryan FitzHerbert Wright, Miss Sally Mitchell and Major Andrew Burnaby-Atkins



*Miss Cherry Burness and Mr.
Angus McCallum*



*Miss Tessa Dixon and Mr.
Ruan Olivier*



A. V. Swæbe

A GAY WELCOME TO 1957

THE Limelight Ball, held at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind, was a very enjoyable event heralding the New Year

Mr. David Weston talking to Miss Gillian Ireland Smith



Earl Mountbatten dancing with Lady Pamela Mountbatten



Countess Mountbatten, President of the Society, Mr. Thomas Clarke and Lady Pulbrook



Miss Maureen Lyle-Purdy and the Hon. Nicholas Vivian



Mr. Barry Townsend with Miss Miranda Connell



Lady Edith Foxwell with Mr. S. Malamos, Mrs. J. Horner and Mr. Ivan Foxwell



A. V. Swaebe

The Hon. N. Vivian, Miss M. Lyle-Purdy, Mr. Jimmy Newton, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, Miss Rosemary Benda, Capt. N. Powell



Miss Jane Mander, Mr. David Walker Heneage and Miss Prudence Glynn



A varied collection comprising an enameled gold snake necklace, a cabochon garnet ring, a gold brooch (in case) set with coral, a gold filigree necklace and a moonstone brooch



Parure (left) of bracelet, ear-rings, and necklace with detachable pendant brooch, in gold set with emeralds and pearls. Above: Amethyst and pearl necklace

A LUSTROUS GARLAND OF VICTORIANA

ERNLE BRADFORD, author and expert on jewellery and silver, describes the rich treasure-trove of Victoriana to be found in almost every second-hand jeweller's shop in London

How often, as an anniversary or a birthday approaches, have I heard people say, "I can't think what on earth to give her!" Yet if one says "What about jewellery?" the reply is either "Far too expensive!" or "I don't know anything about it."

But there is a valid answer to these two objections. For good jewellery need not be expensive, and one does not have to know a great deal about it. All that is required is a normal standard of taste, and a consideration of the personality, the colouring and so on of the future wearer. Rings, of course, are always best avoided—they are too personal and one runs into technical problems like finger sizes. But bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings and brooches—there are innumerable good examples to be found, set with semi-precious stones in gold or silver, and costing little if anything more than modern, paste-set costume jewellery. I am referring to the thousand-and-one pieces of Victoriana that almost any small jeweller in London keeps among his stock-in-trade.

The buyer need not worry about the question of fakes. Very little Victorian jewellery comes into a high enough price range to have attracted the attentions of the copyist and forger. What is more, the generally accepted definition of an antique—something made over a hundred years ago—means that most Victorian jewellery escapes the fanciful values that tend to grow up round the word "antique." It also escapes the modern bugbear of purchase tax.

WHAT shall we find that is outstandingly good among Victorian jewellery? There are a number of things. First of all, quality of workmanship. Most of this Victorian jewellery was made by skilled hand-craftsmen; each piece is individual; it is not mass-produced in the same way as modern costume jewellery. If you look for instance at the setting of the stones in a Victorian brooch you will find that they are usually held in by individual claws—even in pieces where paste is used instead of gemstones. In a modern paste-set piece, on the other hand, the paste stones will almost invariably be held in open settings by one form or another of jewellers' cement. In that

lies the intrinsic difference between even cheap Victorian jewellery and its modern counterpart. (Paste, incidentally, is the jeweller's term for flint or bottle glass used as a gem substitute. The word comes from the Italian *pasta* (pastry) and was mockingly bestowed on the substitute by real gem carvers.)

QUALITY of workmanship is not all that Victorian jewellery has to offer. For instance, some of the finest filigree gold work in the world was produced during this century. Indeed, only some of the best Greek and Etruscan jewellery can equal the filigree work of the Victorian era. This ancient art was rediscovered by Fortunato Castellani, much of whose work found its way to England.

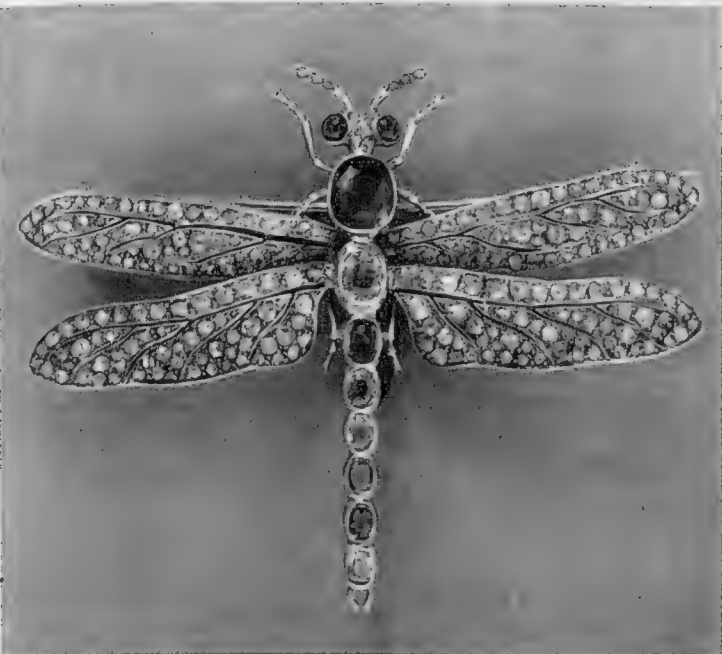
Now, one can hardly expect to pick up a Castellani piece in any second-hand jeweller's shop, but what one is quite likely to find is a piece made in emulation of Castellani by an English or French craftsman. The fine gold filigree of many of these "unimportant" pieces is miraculous. They will find their way into museums within fifty years.

Another Victorian revival was the craft of enamelling. This revival originated in France during the reign of Louis Philippe, when copies of Medieval and Renaissance jewellery became fashionable. The influence of Romanticism in England soon spread the fashion, and the revived art of enamelling gave us some of the most charming mid-Victorian jewellery. Pendant earrings in the shape of bells and flowers, garland bracelets and necklaces set with semi-precious stones, enamelled cameos—all these are to be found in many a London shop for little more than they cost when they were first made.

But the outstanding feature of Victorian jewellery is the lavish use of semi-precious stones. At this point a snobism inherent in the word "semi-precious" must be corrected. Strictly speaking, there are only four "precious," or major, gemstones—the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire and the emerald. All the others may be called "semi-precious," although a better term



A charming brooch with matching pendant ear-rings of topaz and pearls



A fine example of the popular insect motif is this dragon-fly brooch intricately set with rose-cut diamonds and sapphires

would be "lesser" gemstones; less in value, not attractiveness.

Amethysts were a great Victorian favourite, and some of the loveliest necklaces and bracelets of the period are set with amethysts in filigree gold settings. Tourmaline, topaz, peridot, aquamarine, garnet, moss-agate, moonstone, sardonyx—the names are like a rich music. Nor should the opal be forgotten, for there is some magnificent opal jewellery stemming from the nineteenth century—and from the discovery of the world's greatest opal mines in Australia. The opal's bad reputation, incidentally, seems to be an entirely modern fabrication. The first reference to an ill-omened opal would appear to be in Sir Walter Scott's novel *Anne Of Geierstein*. One fact about opals which is well worth knowing is that the stone is extremely sensitive to changes of temperature, contracting or expanding slightly not unlike a metal railway line. So buyers of Victorian opal pieces would be well-advised to have the settings checked by their jeweller. An edge of gold turned over here and there, or a claw setting adjusted, can mean the difference between owning a fine opal ring and owning a ring from which the stone has mysteriously disappeared

Another Victorian favourite was the shell cameo. Its popularity coincided, or perhaps stemmed from, the increased facilities for travel to Italy—where nearly all shell cameos are made. They are carved with simple hand tools from the mollusc shell, and vary in quality from a cheap "tourist" article to real works of art. Apart from the obvious fineness and delicacy of the good shell cameo, one can usually tell the better quality piece by the style and finish of the gold mount. Rather in the same way as with pictures, the best pieces are set in worthy frames.

ONE dominant theme from the 1850s to the end of the century was the "insect motif." Every kind of fly, beetle, moth and insect was at one time or another translated into terms of gold and gemstones. As always, there were some who objected to a slavish copying of nature. The final straw, at least for one correspondent to a fashion journal of the time, seems to have been reached when he wrote: "Who but a Parisian would conceive the idea of bejewelling a live tortoise? Indeed, we cannot conceive why any delicate lady, no matter what her nationality, could enchain a live animal bejewelled as ever it could be, to her bosom. The little animal must obey the dictates of nature and consequently the very idea of wearing a live thing on the person is repugnant." Moral or aesthetic shocks from across the Channel seem to be part of the English heritage

Thirty years ago Victorian jewellery was despised and neglected. Already the tide has turned. But there are so many pieces of all types and qualities available that the discriminating buyer can nearly always find something well worth acquiring. The windows and the back rooms of many a jeweller will repay inspection—and a purchase from their displays be little harder on the cheque book than a few gallons of petrol!



In this group of typical Victorian pieces is an Italian cameo necklace in the foreground, a cameo brooch, a heart brooch set with lapis lazuli (top centre), and below it another heart brooch with a topaz surrounded by delicate seed pearls



Left: This heavy gold bracelet set with small "blister" pearls, the large topaz brooch and the bell-shaped enameled gold pendant ear-rings are fine examples of the craftsmanship and variety of the jewelry so imaginatively created in the nineteenth century



"Well, at least it was true to life."

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT was a comedian much accustomed to radio and to television, poor fellow, who described pantomime the other day, in opening a Manchester exhibition, as "the only art form in which you can really enjoy yourself."

Rather too sweeping a statement, perhaps, to be taken quite literally—especially when one thinks of Sir Winston Churchill's description of "sloshing paint about" as one of the pleasures of the graphic arts, or even of the answer given by the anonymous young journalist, seeking a job as a leader-writer and asked his speciality: "Invective."

All the same, I can see what the comedian meant: part of the magic of pantomime has always been that two-way communication of gusto across the footlights.

Nowadays, it is seldom that I find myself at a pantomime and, indeed, pantomimes are harder to come by in London than they used to be. "Frozen out by ice-shows," I have heard one producer say. However, Tyne and Mersey and Clyde are freer of frost than the Thames: the medium still flourishes in the great cities of the North.

Even where pantomime does survive, not all its traditions survive with it. I was sorry to find, last season, paying my first visit to a pantomime for years, that the song we all had to join

in was not about food. Why, when I was a boy, the whole point about joining in the chorus was that what we sang about was something we all knew: "Cabbages, Ca-beans And Carrots," or "I Do Like A S'nice S'mince Pie," or "Do Kippers Swim Folded Or Flat?"

I have long lamented—as my readers well know—the post-war decline in the standards of the English table. Here is proof positive: nobody cares to sing about it any more.

THAT apart, there is something in any good pantomime for every taste: a troupe of little girl dancers for the little girls, knockabout comedians for the boys, a touch of sentiment for mum, and a pretty chorus for dad.

But it isn't always the people you would expect that appreciate the things you would expect them to. Last year, I asked one little girl what it was *she* had liked best, and her mother said quickly, "It was that beautiful ballet, darling, wasn't it?" and the little girl dutifully said, yes, she supposed it was. One could see, though, that she was only saying "yes" for peace and quiet, and to please her mummy. I knew what her mind's eye was still intent upon: it was all that vulgar slapstick where two comedians had thrown paste and whitewash and rolls of sticky

wallpaper all over each other. That, undoubtedly, had been the one thing she had adored—like me.

★ ★ ★

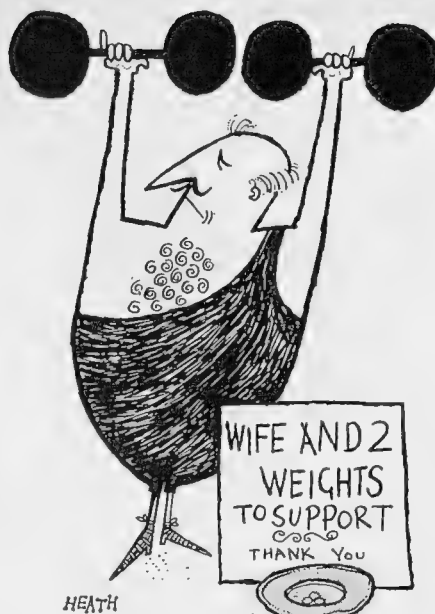
By no means the least welcome of the season's greetings was the New Year letter from my old friend, the barber of Marciana Marina, a little fishing port on the island of Elba, where I have spent many a day of high summer sitting under the oleanders with a glass of wine, and many a cold dark night with the searchlight boats that lure little fishes to their doom.

"Little news!!" cried the letter, in Iginio's expressive English: "5 T.V. are at present in Poggio . . ." and I was a little sad, for Poggio—Marciana Marina's inland twin—is my favourite Italian hilltop village, already invaded by the noisy motor scooters of the mainland, and by one hard-worked *espresso* machine. Now the five new-fangled television sets will keep indoors of an evening the boys that used to sit at coffee for hours on end on the single little terrace that looks out over the hills and woods to the sea, and the dark-eyed girls who used to walk arm-in-arm under the trees, drawing the boys' bold glances as the lights on the terrace drew the moths and mosquitoes of evening.

It is comforting in this grey January, though, to be reminded of Mediterranean sunshine. The barber's letter brought back not only blue days by sea in Marciana Marina, and green days in the chestnut forests that surround Poggio, but a hot May day in Portoferraio, the island's bustling little capital. There, on the anniversary of Napoleon's death, a requiem mass is celebrated in the tiny church of the Misericordia, over which hangs in heavy folds, for this one day in the year, the flag of the short-lived island kingdom: golden bees on a red bend sinister on a white ground.

Even at ten in the morning, on the day I attended the service, the Mediterranean sun struck hard and hot on the heavy folds of the flag and the painted stucco of the church. Inside, though, the church was cool and dim. The walls and pillars were hung with funereal richness in black and gold; a catafalque of black marble, embellished with gold, stood in the nave on a pedestal that bore—again in gold—the imperial N and the eagles. On rich cushions on the catafalque lay a bronze copy of Napoleon's death-mask, and a cast of his right hand. It looked in the dim light almost as though Napoleon himself lay there in state.

It was a curiously impressive, curiously homely, ceremony. The church holds seats for only forty people, and less than forty people came. One of the first was a modest little Elban girl in



her teens, all in black, and very devout. She carefully lifted her skirt before she sat down, so as not to crush the pleats, and there was an agreeably incongruous glimpse of pink silk petticoat.

There was no procession through the streets, as there might have been in a more self-conscious, or more tourist-conscious, little town. A handful of schoolboys were marched in by their master; old women dropped in before the ceremony began, bobbed a curtsy, and went out again into the sunshine; the mayor of Portoferraio came, the captain of the carabinieri, and the commander of the Italian corvette anchored in the little harbour—all greeted with a handshake at the door by a lay warden of the Misericordia, but all arriving without any other ceremony.

A YOUNG priest went through the dignified formalities of the mass, and it was over in half an hour; the three dignitaries—and even the visiting English journalist—were

asked to sign a book that records the annual ceremony, and we walked out into the bustle of the busy little port.

The lay warden of the Misericordia became again the *padrone* of the café on the quay, and I sat there and watched the corvette commander go aboard his launch, all agleam with white paint and shining brass, to cross the sunlit harbour.

But the island had paid its respects once again to the man under whom for a summer and a winter it had been an independent kingdom—not to Napoleon the Emperor, but to Napoleon the little king, who had held court in a five-roomed villa, tweaked Elban ears, and talked to his Italian-speaking subjects in the not unfamiliar accent of Corsica, which lies some thirty miles or so to the west.

THIS is not like France, where Napoleon means *la gloire*, nor England whose glory it was to resist and to break a Corsican ogre. Napoleon waged no war against the Elbans, led them into no retreat across the Russian snows. What they remember in the island is the man who made roads and planted olives, and complimented its grandfathers on "the mildness of their manners and their climate."

In the summer villa of Elba's last and only king, on the hill overlooking Portoferraio, the old caretaker showed me the elaborate bed that they say—and perhaps even believe—was Napoleon's own. It is a shortish bed as beds go, and the old man explained that, of course, Napoleon was *molto piccolo*. And he held out his hand as he said it about three feet from the floor. Not precisely accurate, I thought, and yet in a way there was an affectionate proprietorship in the gesture—and perhaps even a measure of historic justice.

BRIGGS

by Graham



The Gramophone

VOICES FROM THE PAST

THERE is a series of five recordings covering "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing" which must be of considerable interest to many. This is not only for what it is, but because it gives an opportunity to the younger generation to hear some of the great operatic voices of the past and thereby appreciate the flamboyance and tender beauty of many a classic interpretation.

The recordings in Volume I, covering the period 1900 to 1910, bring back the voices of Calvé, Melba, Patti, Scotti, Plançon, Sembrich, and Battistini. The second volume—1910–20—revives Hempel, McCormack, Ruffo, Alda, Amato, Caruso, Destinn, Farrar and Clement; the period 1920–30 is covered in Volume III with arias sung by Austral, Chaliapin, Galli-Curci, Garden, Ponselle, Martinelli, Gigli, Onegin, Pinza and Schipa. To Volume IV, 1930–40, Björling, Flagstad, Leider, Pons, Rethberg, Tibbett, Kipnis, Melchior and Suez all make interesting contributions. The fifth and last volume, 1940–50, is representative amongst others of the art of Traubel, Teyte, Steber, Bampton, Novotna, Peerce, Warren, Milanov, Albanese, Stevens and Merrill.

Single records of this series may be obtained and though there may be one or two omissions amongst the great names included there can be no doubt as to the value achieved by this type of recorded anthology. (H.M.V. CSLP500–504.)

In a completely different environment the late Carroll Gibbons reappears with his Boy Friends playing such evergreen favourites as "Chloe," "On The Air," "Time On My Hands," "Moonlight And Roses," "She's My Lovely," and many other reminders of those elegant pre-1939 days. The recording is given the nomenclature of "The Touch Of Piano Magic," a very reasonable summing up of the art of so talented a pianist. This L.P. is a charming and entirely delightful tribute to the memory of Carroll Gibbons who for so many years dispensed his inimitable brand of dance music. (Columbia 33S1094.)

Of the recent 78s I particularly commend "Just Walking In The Rain" and "In The Candlelight" sung by Johnnie Ray; he has a stylish backing from Ray Conniff and his Orchestra, and is right on top of his strikingly individual form. (Philips PB624.)

And Geraldo with his Orchestra plays the theme from "The Proud Ones" and "Wedding Bell Polka," a new novelty piece that should still be a popular favourite a hundred years from now. (Polydor BM6032.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Tony Armstrong 12 June

Three stars of the entertainment world. Julian More (above) is the gifted young writer of "Grab Me A Gondola," the audacious musical skit on film festival lovelies at the Lyric Theatre. Joan Regan, the popular singer (left), represents television and the gramophone, while (below) Tonia Bern the Belgian entertainer is again playing in cabaret at Quaglin's



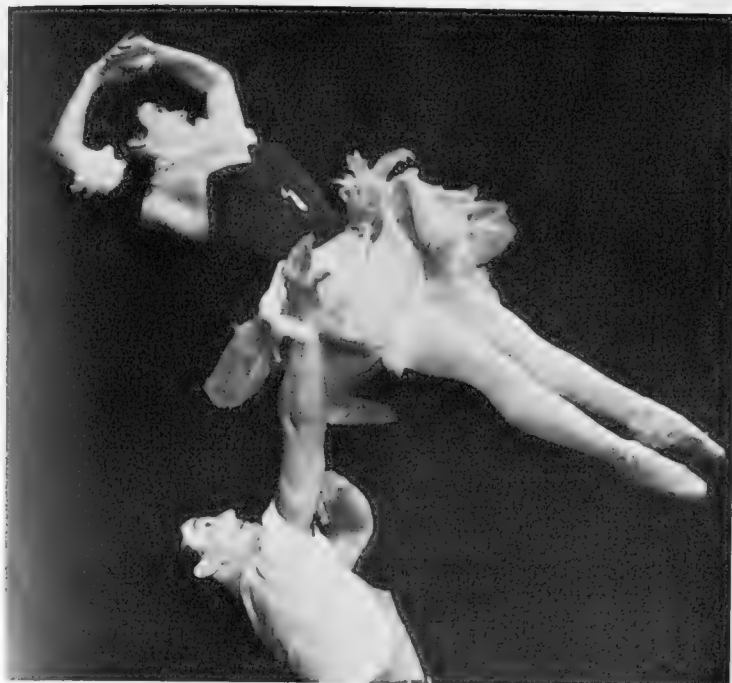
Vivienne



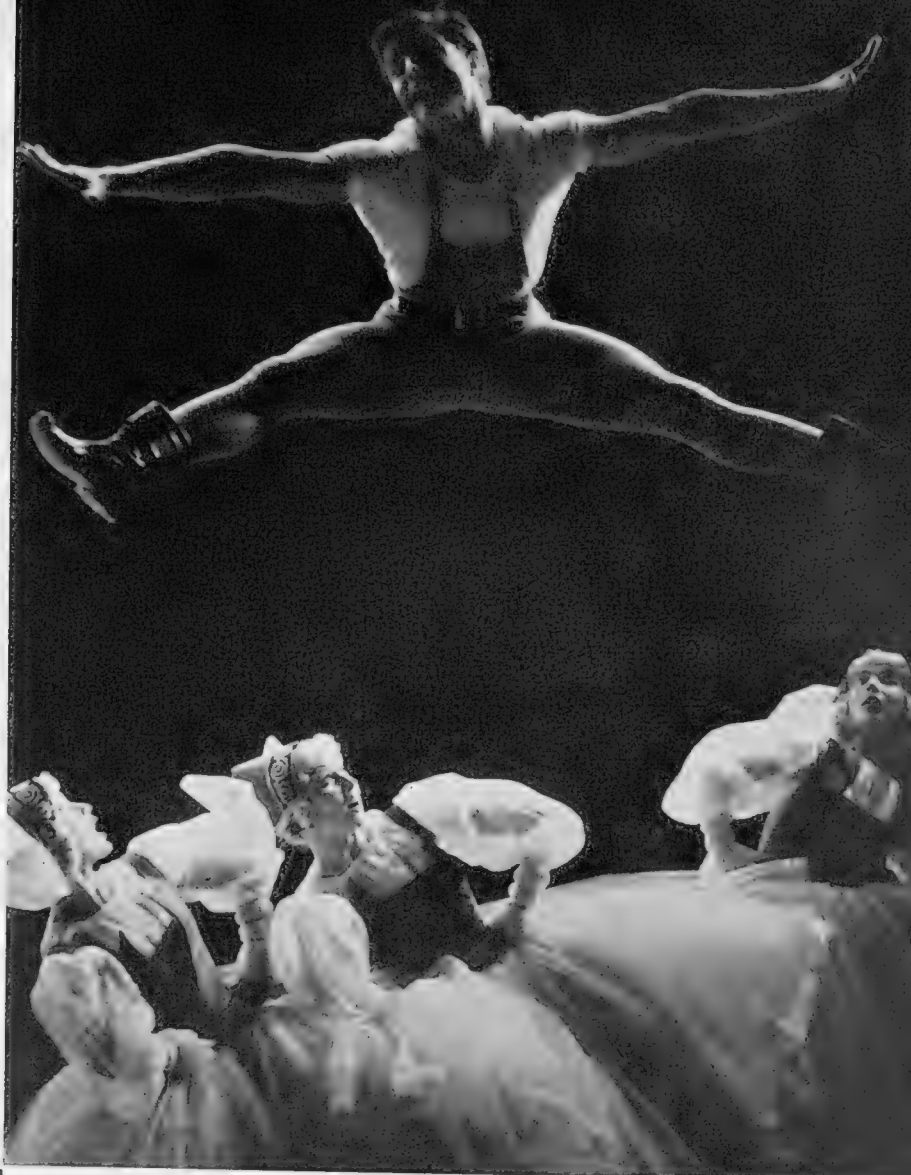
Edgar Brind

A GRIEG BALLET IN BASLE

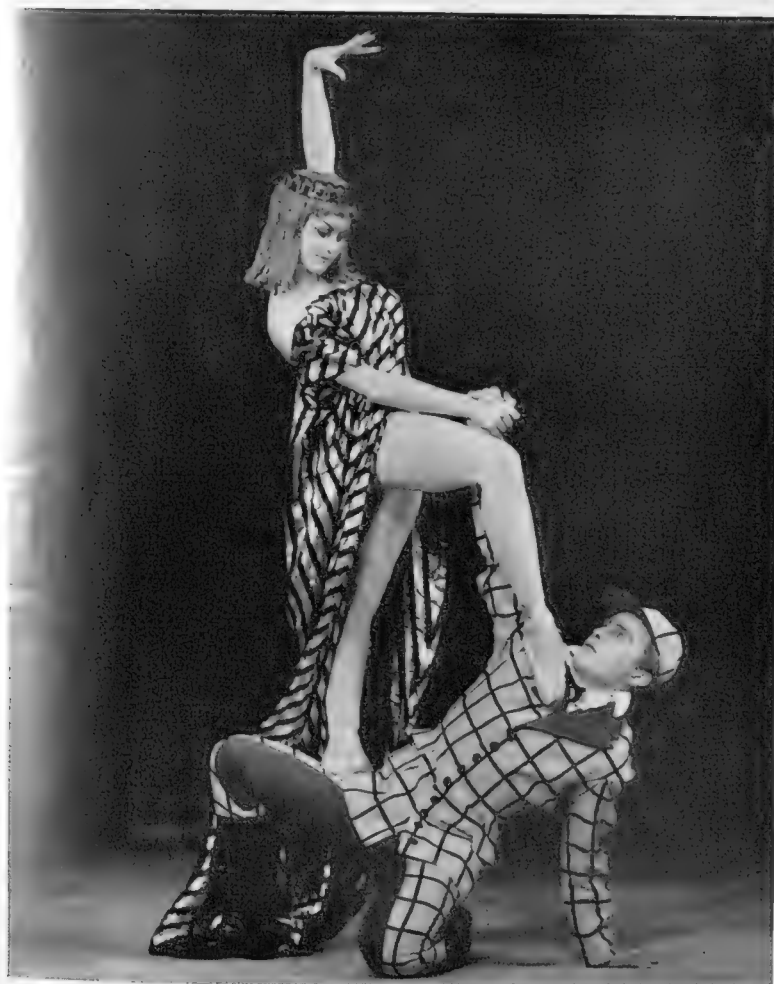
WAZLAW ORLIKOWSKY, the famous choreographer, has produced at Basle the complete ballet of "Peer Gynt," which has never before been seen in its complete form outside Russia



Peer Gynt (Dietmar Christensen, the Danish star) and Ingrid (Helga Heinrich) dance together



Above, Peer dances gaily with three pretty neighbours. Below: a half-crazy child (Eva Bajoralis, seated) in her fantastic world



The journey to Egypt. Peer with Anitra (Anneliese Goetz) who finally betrays him



Priscilla in Paris

LUNCH LITTÉRAIRE

HERE in France it is said that: "*Tout finit par des chansons*" and the saying often is true, but the pleasant luncheon or dinner parties that create the state of wellbeing conducive to joyous singing are not always mentioned. Sometimes it is the other way round, the *déjeuner* is mentioned but not the singing; in this case the songs are a poetic supposition and it is the smiles that are harmonious.

Just such a luncheon was given by Mme. Odette Arnaud, the leading literary agent of Paris. It took place at Maxim's where one finds oneself smiling even as one steps across the threshold. On this occasion we warmly beamed; the party was given in honour of Mme. Arnaud's four recent top-prize-winning authors: Romain Gary who was awarded the Prix Goncourt, Francois Regis Bastin (Prix Femina), Andre Perrin (Prix Renaudot), and Armand Lanoux (Prix Interallié). These four literary lions of the moment roared—or rather purred—with great amenity. They were accompanied by their very charming wives, and Mme. Arnaud had also invited a few friends, amongst whom I saw Monica Stirling whose last novel *Some Darling Folly* was a "Book of the Month" this autumn. I also saw Lesley Blanch who is another of Mme. Arnaud's successful authors. In private life she is Mme. Romain Gary. Nobody actually sang, but it was a very happy party.

I HAD expected to see Oriel Malet, author of *The Green Leaves Of Summer* and so many vivid (as opposed to "namby-pamby!") children's books. She spends most of her writing time in Paris, but since she is also the Lady Auriel Vaughan she dutifully, and joyously, went home to England in time to stir the Christmas pudding, thus missing the Odette Arnaud party. Her many friends in Paris are eagerly awaiting her return; she speaks French perfectly, is equally amusing in both languages and has a real author's *pied à terre* on the Left Bank overlooking the golden dome of the Invalides . . . though how the French can call a sixth floor abode a *pied à terre* beats me! It beats me also how she could find time to deputize for me while I was fighting that bug down on the Island a few weeks ago, but she did, bless her, because Oriel Malet is that kind of girl.

While Paris is glad to see all these young writers making good and receiving prizes and praise from the critics, it is also profoundly grieved by the recent death of Albert Flament at Cannes. He had been ill for a long time, was well into his eighth decade and had become very frail. He lived quietly, surrounded by his many treasures, for he had always been a great collector of *objets d'art*. . . . One realizes, with shame, that after he chose to disappear from Parisian life a few years ago, he had been a little forgotten.

ALBERT FLAMENT was a writer of immense distinction; he could also have made a career as a painter. The habitués of Alphonse Daudet's literary salon, in the eighties, hailed him as a young prodigy when he was a boy of fifteen. He was in his early twenties at the time when Paris was really "the Gay City" and his weekly articles were a feature of a leading "daily," *l'Echo de Paris*, of which the circulation doubled on the day his commentaries appeared. The brilliant young journalist became the brilliant author of many novels and of a remarkable *Life Of Lady Hamilton*. He also wrote the biography of Edouard Manet and of La Malibran; his plays were given at the Comédie française and the Madeleine theatres.

Albert Flament's collection of paintings was famous. He owned some of the finest known Utrillos and Bourdins and also delighted in Marie Laurencin's enchanting little noseless ladies. One of his greatest treasures was his "White Peonies" by Fantin-Latour that he loaned, not long ago, to the Charpentier Gallery; it was the highlight of their "White" Exhibition. He had chanced to find it in London many years earlier and had been unable to resist buying it.

Crayon discret

• A letter written in pencil is like a whispered secret.



Dr. R. H. Sentoss
PRINCESS MONICA of Liechtenstein, who is the daughter of Prince Constantin of Liechtenstein, on the balcony of the Corviglia Ski Club at St. Moritz. Her country is an independent principality





A MASTER OF MIME

MARCEL MARCEAU, at the age of thirty-two, is considered to be the greatest master of mime in France today. He is most famous for his creation of the character Bip, a clown of laughter and pathos, and has been compared with Chaplin. He is photographed in his Paris studio with his wife Hugette, who is also a member of his troupe

At the Theatre

THE CRAZIEST BRAND OF HUMOUR

THEY say there are people who cannot stand the Crazy Gang, and I find it hard to believe. I have seen the shows in all companies over the years, and so far as I could tell the effect on my various companions was roughly the same. If they happened to be of the opinion that all the best jokes are low jokes, naturally they delighted in the ease with which such jokes were flipped across. If they were high-minded and had no taste for low jokes it was in the surrealist behaviour of the comedians that they took delight. And if they were betwixt and between, as mostly they were, they all leaned back and surveyed the scene as indulgently as if they were on Hampstead Heath on a fine Bank Holiday.

The simplest explanation of the continuous popularity of this lunatic conspiracy is that the lunatics have the trick of relaxing in such a way that their audience relaxes with them. When the trick is not working perfectly it often gives the impression that the current show is not quite as good as others we remember. But it will be when these clowns lose the trick of relaxing and begin to force the fun that we shall have to institute a painful comparison between shows new and old.

MEANWHILE we can report that there is really not a pin to choose between *These Foolish Kings* and the other shows that have brought the gang through a quarter of a century of triumphant nonsense. They pretend to be showing signs of wear and tear, but this is a pretence that they know how to turn to advantage.

It would be truer to say that the prosperous years have left them all the vital energy they can possibly need but have taken them a little out of touch with the authentic humour of the

"THESE FOOLISH KINGS" is the latest edition of the celebrated Crazy Gang show at its home, the Victoria Palace. The Gang (Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold) make hay with William Shakespeare in a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which cannot honestly be said to resemble any previous production, however audacious

Monsewer Eddie Gray in his breathtaking juggling act also makes a welcome return to the Crazy Gang show after a period of many years roving

Drawings by
Emmwood



Cockney backstreets. They have gradually come to look at life under the arches through practised theatrical eyes and inevitably have lost something.

The nearest they come to the lost something in the new show is a gloriously surrealistic Jewish christening in which Bud Flanagan as a seedy rabbi gets the grotesquely wrong answer to every question he asks, the crying baby of Charlie Naughton is quietened with a sharp tap of a mallet, and all the comestibles set out for the feast become subject to an atomic chain reaction. Some years ago nobody would have suggested to the gang that they should try their hand at Shakespeare, but it is the measure of their growing theatricality that they are now found ready to tackle the wall scene in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. As could have been foretold, the attempt to burlesque what is in itself a burlesque is a "flop," only redeemed by the anxiously helpful Quince of Teddy Knox and the trouble Bud Flanagan has with a sword.

BUT theatrically they are very funny as five horribly leering dowagers of Monte Carlo and funnier still when Sheriff Knox matches himself against Bud The Fastest Gun Alive in a Western bar, and the more respectable and less adventurous of the gang shower hero and villain with insults from a box.

But whether the gang are bang on or a little off the mark, the jolly Bank Holiday atmosphere is always there, perhaps because all concerned amuse each other so much. Nervo and Knox take enormous delight in Naughton and Gold and their feeling is fully reciprocated. All unite in admiration of Bud Flanagan as the true comedian whose shining spaniel eyes look sadly through the world of knockabout to something beyond. And Bud speaks for the rest their sentimental joy at being joined again after many years by Monsewer Eddie Gray, who after juggling brilliantly signifies his own pleasure in the reunion by helping the gang to spread an enormous table cloth over the heads of half a row of stalls. The Crazy Gang are their own audience; whose high enjoyment is in no way to be resisted.

The show itself, quite apart from the comedians, is a lively, spectacular affair. *Les Joyeux Rossignols* are whistlers who whistle intelligently in French, the Radio Revellers have several good sentimental numbers, Miss Sonya Cordeau sings pleasingly and the John Tiller Girls dance with a precision which is a thrilling end in itself.

—Anthony Cookman



THE POLISH STATE DANCE COMPANY, known as Mazowsze, come to London this month and will open for a limited season at the Stoll Theatre on January 21. They will be presented by Peter Daubeney, who has brought so many foreign companies to England. These dancers and singers come from all over Poland, and their programme is an exciting whirl of mazurkas, waltzes and polkas accompanied by fine singing and colourful costumes





*Spaceman John Baker escorting
Margaret Elliott*



*Peter Romain and Penelope
Manners as Jack and Jill*

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY MASQUERADE

MISS DORICE STAINER held her annual Children's Fancy Dress Party at the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. Clowns, magicians, and prizes made this a wonderful party for over three hundred young people. Above: Christina Oparenkl as the Doll in Petrouchka, Nicola Phillips as Henry VIII and Danielle Hlanbury as a sumptuous Rajah's page

Photographs by A. V. Swaebe



*Clive Jewitt and Peter Easdale were two rabbits
with floppy ears*



*Celia Wagstaffe and Jennifer Mayor hiding under
a table*



*Caroline and Irene Soffer in
Hungarian costume*



*Caroline Macpherson with Hamish
and Felicity McLean*



*Sophie Henderson and her twin
sister, Selina*



*Robert Lyle, Jane Beckman and Veronica Burton
were busy amusing themselves*



*Francesca Rome as a Persian princess, with
Marguerite, Louise and Alan McGregor*

*Judith Harrison as an Indian princess and Penelope
Harrison as Madame de Pompadour*

*Linda Allan, Ann Rhodes, John Harrison and Susan
Zimmerman watching the magicians*



At the Pictures

THE NEVER-NEVER ARMY

IT is surely about time the United States War Department put its military foot down and forbade Hollywood to make films presenting the American army in a disastrously unbecoming light. Studying the behaviour of the officers and men in *Between Heaven And Hell*, I found myself muttering—as a famous British soldier once did on surveying our own troops—“I don’t know whether they frighten the enemy but, by God, they frighten me.” What with a crazy captain, a trigger-happy lieutenant, a neurotic sergeant, and a couple of vicious G.I.s who slop around their C.O.’s quarters in singlets and pants with Sten guns under their arms to protect him from his men—this latest war film does nothing to inspire the confidence of America’s allies.

Mr. Robert Wagner is a rich young Southern landowner with a distinctly feudal attitude towards his sharecroppers—of which his wife, Miss Terry Moore, a plump and pretty little puss-cat, democratically disapproves. Mr. Wagner is recalled for military service in, I rather gathered, Korea as a sergeant. Several of his sharecroppers are serving in the same unit and Mr. Wagner learns to like and respect them, for while combat invariably leaves Mr. Wagner shaking uncontrollably with terror, they are as brave as lions.

HE becomes so attached to them that when a jumpy lieutenant, mistaking them for enemy troops, impulsively bumps them all off, Mr. Wagner beats his superior officer over the head with his rifle butt and darn nearly kills him. For this Mr. Wagner is stripped of his stripes and despatched to join a company of “Army misfits” commanded by a captain (Mr. Broderick Crawford) who is clearly mentally deranged.

Mr. Crawford, who insists upon being addressed as “Waco” rather than “sir,” as he doesn’t want the enemy to find out he’s an officer, is accompanied everywhere by two hyena-like privates, heavily armed and licensed by him to hound and bully the troops. There is an ugly hint of homosexuality in the relationship of the odious trio.

Mr. Crawford has a particular “down” on Mr. Wagner for having struck a lieutenant, and delights in sending him off with a handful of men on perilous and unnecessary patrols on an enemy-held mountain. This gives Mr. Wagner terrible fits of the jitters but he finds strength and solace in the sturdy companionship of Mr. Buddy Ebsen—another simple Southern sharecropper who, despite an untidy habit of chewing tobacco and spitting the juice out all over the place, is a thoroughly admirable fellow.

ON one of these mad patrols Mr. Ebsen is severely wounded and everybody else except Mr. Wagner is killed. Mr. Wagner leaps down the mountainside like a stag to get help—brushing aside enemy soldiers who are too surprised to give chase but do fire to some effect after his fleeing figure. He arrives, wounded, at the camp to find that Mr. Crawford has, all his precautions notwithstanding, been picked off by a sniper: the new C.O. is a sympathetic chap who immediately sends a rescue squad to bring in Mr. Ebsen.

Mr. Wagner refuses to be shipped off home until Mr. Ebsen can go with him: Mr. Wagner is now strong for democracy and vows Mr. Ebsen shall come and live with him and his wife in their opulent house. This will, of course, be endlessly cosy for all of them—provided Miss Moore’s democratic principles are high enough to enable her to overlook pools of tobacco juice on the drawing-room carpet.

I am heartily sick of war films but must admit that this one, though by no means reassuring on the subject of U.S. Army morale, has been skilfully directed by Mr. Richard Fleischer and is somewhat less boring than most.

A charming Italian film, *His Two Loves*, purports to be “a free and poetical interpretation of the life of Puccini” and as I really know nothing at all about the composer, I am quite happy to accept it as such. One can only hope that Puccini was not quite so sublimely selfish as he appears to be here.

On the success of his first important work (an opera called



KATHARINE HEPBURN as Lizzie Curry in *The Rainmaker* has a part worthy of her talent. She stars (above) with Burt Lancaster in this dramatic story of a farming family in a great drought. Below: John Mills and Barbara Bates in *Town On Trial*, a thrilling murder mystery with a background of small town life





MARTINE CAROL, the beautiful French actress (above), appears for the first time in an English-speaking picture in *Action* in which she co-stars with Van Johnson. Below: Lloyd Nolan and William Holden the stars of *Brink Of Hell*, which tells of the exploits of the rocket testing men of the U.S. Air Force

Le Villi of which I have never heard) Puccini, pleasantly played by Signor Gabriele Ferzetti, casually abandons Cristina (Miss Nadia Gray), his young and pretty mistress who had helped him in his early struggle for recognition.

He runs off with a beautiful girl named Elvira (Frk. Marta Toren) and they live together in poverty after the failure of his opera *Edgar*. When she bears him a son, Puccini is too busy writing *Manon Lescaut* even to visit her in the public hospital where she lies.

THE new opera is enthusiastically received—with Cristina, who has blossomed into a diva, singing the title role. Puccini now divides his time and attentions between the two women—which is very annoying for both of them.

Though he does eventually marry Elvira, she finds no happiness with him: music is no doubt the food of love—but it's also a fact that given excess of it, the appetite sickens and so dies. Elvira, I think one can allow, has more than enough of it—so, sadly, she parts from her husband, only returning to him when he is ill and dying.

The film is sometimes very affecting, and there is a really lovely melancholy about Frk. Toren. The voice of Gigli is heard in excerpts from *Manon Lescaut* and *La Boheme*, the Italian dialogue is translated in English sub-titles and the production, in gentle colour, is eminently dignified and pleasing.

—Elsbeth Grant





Clayton Evans

Book Reviews

by Elizabeth Bowen

A SCENT OF RED ROSES IN THE BY-STREET



DODIE SMITH, the dramatist, who wrote "Autumn Crocus" and "Dear Octopus," is seen in the music room of her cottage near Finchingfield, Essex. Her recent book, "The Hundred And One Dalmatians," published by Heinemann at 10s. 6d., is for children

MARGERY SHARP's new novel, *The Eye Of Love* (Collins, 13s. 6d.) sports on its jacket a red, red rose. Truly, an early flowerer in the fiction flowerbed, 1957. Miss Sharp starts the year off well, for herself and us—here's an unorthodox love story, comic as it is heartfelt, and moral none. The plot spins around an aunt, her *beau*, and her nine-year-old niece. The main scene is a genteel Paddington by-street.

5 Alcock Road, in point of fact, is a love-nest. Its frontage is modest; only pink window curtains suggest the idyll indoors. Here Miss Dolores Diver, who will not again see forty, is maintained by a Mr. Gibson, who pays the rent and tolerates Martha—an orphan child lamentably lacking in pretty ways. Mr. Gibson, a dear if ever there was one, is a furrier who will not again see fifty. Be it clear, this is no mere "arrangement." Miss Diver, until she met Mr. Gibson, had dreamed of romance but never faltered in virtue. And he, till he looked in her cavernous eyes, had been the docile son of a widowed mother. For both, it had been "one enchanted evening." At the Chelsea Arts Ball, both in fancy dress.

For ten years they'd given each other what each both wanted from life: romance. Now they were both middle-aged, and if they looked and sounded ridiculous, it was the fault less of themselves than of time.

To be fair to Time, each had been pretty ridiculous even at the Chelsea Ball. Miss Diver, in her second or third year as a Spanish Dancer, was already known to aficionados as Old Madrid. Mr. Gibson, who had never attended before, found the advertised bohemianism more bohemian than he'd bargained for. . . . Dolores, Old Madrid, had not only pitied his condition, but also lacked a partner. She'd have been glad to dance with anyone, all the rest of the night. But though rooted in such unlikely soil

In the caption to an illustration in our issue of December 26, the title of the book, "The Transatlantic Mail," by Mr. Frank Staff, was inadvertently given as "The U.S. Mail." On January 2, Messrs. Chatto and Windus were quoted as the publishers of Mr. John Symonds's novel, "The Bright Blue Sky," which is in fact published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

their love had proved a true plant of Eden, flourishing and flowering, and shading them from the heat of the day—not Old Madrid and Harry Gibson, but King Hal and his Spanish rose.

Ten years. . . . Alas, our story opens upon what seems to be the finale. Stolid Martha, summoned in from the garden to bid Mr. Gibson her bi-weekly how'd-you-do, senses something tense and unusual in the atmosphere. Why is Mr. Gibson so heavy on the decanter? *We*, at least, soon know. He has come to tell hideous news—he is breaking it to Miss Diver that all is over. Long (though he never spoke of this to the little woman) has his Kensington fur salon been in the red. Bankruptcy threatens him and his mother.

There is only one way out. Mr. Joyce, an illustrious Bond Street furrier, is prepared to refloat the Kensington business. At a price—our Mr. Gibson must wed Miranda. Miss Joyce (who is glumly described as “cultured”) has long, long been left on papa's hands.

FROM this grim situation takes off *The Eye Of Love*. In the Joyces' Knightsbridge flat, nuptial preparations roll on their hideous course. In 5 Alcock Road—“bare ruined choir where late the sweet birds sang”—gallant, scraggy Dolores Diver faces an empty future (maybe, starvation). The child Martha adapts herself to a declining menu without comment, continues to prowling the neighbourhood, and devotes herself to her art—abstract drawing. And the fact must be faced by us all that this stodgy lump is shaping up, daily—improbable as it may seem—to be a genius.

You will see why this wonderful novel has its name. It is about the dream we all have to have (in one form, if not another) in order not only to live but to do so bravely. Pudgy King Hal and his *passee* Spanish Rose are, for one another, Tristram and Isolde.

Love is one big life-illusion, art is another—Martha, pencil in hand, looks on patterns and forms with “the eye of love.” . . . I may tell you, so deeply attached does one come to be to dear Mr. Gibson and poor Miss Diver, that their fortunes hold

one breathless up to the last. I don't think I've so often laughed or so nearly cried over any novel for quite a long time. And Miss Sharp's sub-London portraiture has (forgive me!) seldom been sharper-edged. Mr. Joyce *pere*, vociferous Mother Gibson, Aunt Bee and frightful Miranda are all winners.

★ ★ ★

HAVING wound up Christmas, how do we look back on it? In the mood to live through it over again? If so, there's Edward Streeter's latest, and gayest, domestic masterpiece—**Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter** (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.). This author's *Father Of The Bride* and *Mr. Hobbs' Holiday* you'll no doubt remember. The American *paterfamilias*, at bay, remains Mr. Streeter's rewarding topic.

Mr. Baxter, a prosperous fifty-year-old New Yorker, is already knee-deep in exacting grandchildren. His sons and daughters and their respective spouses regard him with (on the whole) a tolerant eye. His and his charming wife's social acquaintances seem million—at that, they barely outnumber the connections of Mr. Baxter's executive business life. And not a soul, not *one* soul, must be forgotten.

A New York Christmas is in every imaginable way a mammoth affair—moreover, it makes its preliminary rumblings felt before the last leaves fall from the autumn trees. If our hero is somewhat worn down, one can hardly wonder. In the week which precedes the revels at home, there is a non-stop succession of office parties.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Baxter is, all the same, anything but the chronicles of a nightmare. Something sweetens the snappy and trenchant humour, and the wit shows a fundamental human good sense. This also a wonderful picture of New York, at its least sophisticated and most paganly primitive.

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE relaxes at his home in Drummond Place, Edinburgh. At seventy-three this prolific author still presents his publishers with a book a year. His latest, published last year, was “Thin Ice”: a brilliant story of a doomed political ambition

Brodrick Haldane



ON this page is a suit by Crayson which in its simplicity and cut is perfectly at home anywhere. It is made in wool and camelcloth, which is becoming, warm, and durable. The skirt is slim and the three-quarter length jacket has large patch pockets and a half-belt at the back. £16 10s., at Harrods. On the opposite page is a wide tent coat by Rensor in pale oatmeal knop tweed with a cut-away collar in ocelot. £16 10s., at John Barker, Kensington, end of January

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

SIMPLICITY AT HIGH TENSION

Michel Molinare









Michel Molinare

C RAYSONS have designed the three-piece suit in navy worsted barathea shown opposite. It has a slim skirt, a sleeveless tunic top trimmed with white pique, and a loose box style jacket. 20 gns. at Werff Bros., Bond Street, and branches. Hat by Rudolf. The suit by Frederick Starke above is in Heather Mills's chiffon tweed of green, white and lavender; the jacket has a high belted back. Harrods, 25 gns. Hat from Gina Davies's Teen and Twenty collection

TWO WELL CUT SUITS



Michel Molinere

THE tailored dress and jacket (above) is in finest worsted Prince of Wales grey check. The narrow streamlined dress has a wide heart-shaped neck and threequarter length sleeves, while the jacket is in a lightly fitted classic style. Price 44½ gns. at Debenham & Freebody in early March. Teen and Twenty hat, Gina Davies

For out-of-door elegance

FROM CRAYSON comes this superb suit in worsted black and white hounds-tooth check. It has a slim skirt and a loose box jacket edged in black braid, a velvet half collar and a buttoned back. This suit costs 14 gns. and is obtainable at Dickins & Jones. The delightfully jaunty hat is again by Gina Davies



CHRISTIAN DIOR,
London, makes this
coat for formal occa-
sions (right) in a soft
shade of amethyst.
Made in shantung, it
has a wide collar,
double button fasten-
ing and a full whirling
skirt. Price 61½ gns.
approx. at Rocha,
Grafton Street. Hat
by Simone Mirman



CHOICE
FOR THE
WEEK

STYLE IN
DEPTH

EARLY 1957 sees the black and white tweed fabrics as popular as ever. Here we show a faultless coat by Bickler in black and white all wool Irish tweed. A tapering wrap-over style with a wide shawl that can be turned high about the neck or folded wide over the shoulders. Price approx. 12 gns. it is stocked by Harrods. Plain felt classic hat by Henry Heath £2 12s. 6d., attractive and becoming black cloche is peachbloom with petersham trimming, £4 19s. 6d. Both hats from Dickins and Jones



Contrasts and accents

BEAUTIFULLY made and luxurious looking accessories now abound in the London shops. Beaded and bejewelled gloves, rich brocade scarves and slim handbags can transform your clothes and appearance. Costume jewellery, also, has never been prettier, ranging from the chunky to the delicate, and its comparatively low cost is a boon to those not blessed with gem-studded heirlooms

—JEAN CLELAND

Black suede gloves, the backs embroidered with pearls and gold beads, cost £4 4s., black suede one-button gloves with pearl and gold embroidered cuffs, £4 7s. 6d.; gilt bracelet, £11 0s. 6d., Debenham & Freebody



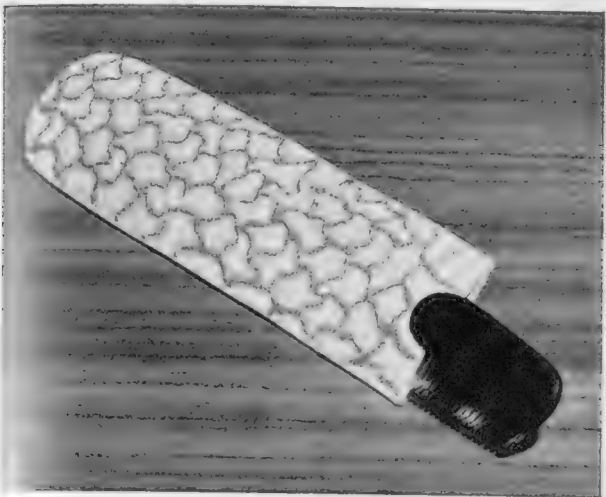
An unusual Italian handbag in a trellis pattern with a velvet bow, leather lined, costing £40 19s. The gloves are from a selection of model gloves. Both of these are obtainable from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge



A black Spanish handbag in softest antelope suede, made on a v-shaped frame, costing £7 7s. from Russell & Bromley. The pearl and gilt circular brooch costs £5 5s. and matching bracelet, £4 4s. from Jacqmar



Pearl and diamante fob, £3 13s. 6d.,
matching ear-rings £1 10s. from Jacqmar



Comb in a case of stiff white fabric,
covered with gold tracery around
sequins, 12s. 11d., Marshall & Snelgrove

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JANUARY 16,
1957
119*



Dennis Smith

This French ribbon scarf woven
with Lurex comes in various colours.
£1 10s. at Debenham & Freebody



A reversible satin stole that can be
had in various colours. From
Debenham & Freebody, £7 17s. 6d.

Beauty

On skin care

Jean Cleland



ONE of the questions I am frequently asked is "What do *you* think are the best beauty preparations?" When I reply that this is impossible to answer, my friends—or whoever the questioners happen to be—take a dim view of me. I am, they think, being either "difficult" or downright stupid. I can almost hear the unspoken thought, "Imagine writing for all those years on beauty, and not knowing a simple little thing like that."

The explanation is simple. On the subject of which are the best creams and lotions, it is impossible to generalize. All the well-known makes are good and reliable. Nevertheless, they have their own special virtues, and the thing you want to discover is not which is best, but which is best for you. If what you are using suits you, my advice is to stick to it. On the other hand, if, after a fair trial, your skin fails to respond to a certain brand of preparations, then this is the time to try something else. If, for instance, your skin is extra dry, you may need a specially rich skin food, which can be found in some other manufacturer's range. But, if your skin is excessively greasy, you will probably need something like "pore grains," or some other preparation specially designed to correct this condition.

SHOULD you discover that your own case presents special difficulty, the best way of finding out how to correct it is to go to any of the well-known salons, ask the experts to look at your skin, and get their advice. If this is impossible, then write to the salon, and describe your skin as closely and accurately as you can. Buy a small jar or bottle of what they recommend, use it faithfully for a time, and if there is no improvement, then try something else.

If your trouble is that your skin is discoloured or drab, you need two things. A face patter, and a bleaching pack or masque. Wrap damp cotton-wool, sprinkled with astringent, round the patter, and pat the face briskly, to stimulate the circulation and whip up the colour. Do this night and morning. In addition, use the masque once or twice a week for a time. If the texture of your skin is not as fine as you would like, and the pores are inclined to be enlarged, a masque again will come in useful. This tightens up the relaxed condition, and should be used once or twice weekly. A pore cream, too, is helpful. Apply this on alternate nights until matters improve.

SOMETHING that worries many older people is a slackening of the muscles, causing the contours to sag. Brisk patting with an astringent is one of the best ways of bracing the muscles. The saggingness can be greatly improved by daily treatment with one of the uplift preparations. You simply "mould" them in with a firm pad of cotton-wool, starting at the chin and working along the jaw line up to the ears with a "rocking" movement. That is to say you press the damp wool backwards and forwards, continuously. After you have finished with the jaw-line, continue the same movement over the rest of the face. To save you time searching for these uplift preparations, here are three excellent makes: "Contour-Lift Film" by Helena Rubinstein, "Firmo-Lift" by Elizabeth Arden, and "Captive Beauty" by Yardley.

A final word. Don't expect whatever creams or lotions you use to work miracles overnight, or to effect cures all on their own. However good they may be, they need time, and they need co-operation in the way of using them *correctly*, according to instructions, and using them *regularly*.



Dennis Smith

Three powder puffs in decorated pure silk chiffon handkerchiefs; pink and blue with silver flowers, £1 10s., pink with butterfly, 10s. 11d., blue with bird, 9s. 6d. and £1 10s., Marshall & Snelgrove



Yevonde
Miss Minette Shepard, only daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Shepard, and of Mrs. Shepard, of Womersley Court, Womersley, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Roger Baldwin Hunt, elder son of Brig. and Mrs. J. M. Hunt, of Stoneways, Godalming, Surrey



Fayer
Miss Susan June Beresford, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Marcus Beresford, of The Dower House, Roydon, Essex, is engaged to Mr. Michael Hastings Fairbank, younger son of Brig. and Mrs. C. A. H. Fairbank, of Putney Park Avenue, S.W.15



Lenore
Miss Sally Latimer Collier, only daughter of Mr. Samuel Collier, of Palace Gate, W.8, and the late Mrs. Ruth M. Collier, is engaged to Mr. John Godfrey Middleton Baker, only son of Mr. Douglas R. M. Baker, of Thierry House, Luton, nr. Bath, and Mrs. C. R. M. Eley, of Ugly Green, Bishop's Stortford

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Vandyk
Mlle. Anne Marie de Janze, eldest daughter of Comte and Comtesse de Janze, rue Charles Lamoureux, Paris, is to marry Mr. B. N. Sedley Barnes, youngest son of the late Capt. Sedley Barnes, and the Hon. Mrs. Sedley Barnes, Chard, Somerset



Harlip
Miss Gillian Mary Stevens, elder daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir John and Lady Stevens, of Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, is engaged to Lt.-Cdr. Brian Keith Shattock, R.N., only son of Mr. E. K. Shattock, and the late Mrs. E. Shattock, of Lincoln House, Berkhamsted



Fayer
Miss Anne Fearnley-Whittingstall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Fearnley-Whittingstall, of Holland Park Road, W.14, is engaged to Mr. Peter Keevil, son of Mr. Frank Keevil, of Maidenhead, and of Mrs. F. Keevil, of Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks



Harlip
Miss Anthea Erica Doresa, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric C. Doresa, of Woods Farm, Chobham, Surrey, who is engaged to marry Mr. John Stuart McClean, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. S. McClean, of The Doone, Silvermere, Chobham, Surrey



SIR ALLIOTT VERDON-ROE (right) riding the bicar of his own design. The high degree of streamlining and comfort are apparent. It has a 192 c.c. water-cooled engine and shaft drive



Motoring

EMPTIER ROADS AND GREATER DANGER

THE document on road accidents issued by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation at the end of the old year suggested to me that it would be an advantage if, in the future, the form of these returns were changed. The Ministry statement pointed out that, in the month concerned, there had been eight fewer deaths and 304 fewer seriously injured. It was, of course, obvious that these improvements were illusory; they were no indication of greater road safety, but solely a reflection of less road use.

It has always been clear that road accidents, as well as parking problems and traffic congestion, could all be reduced by reducing road usage. It is equally clear that a reduction in accidents might occur (as might have happened in the month cited above) at the same time as an *increase* in road dangers. I am not at all sure that the emptier roads brought about by fuel rationing have not gone with greater road risks. What is the answer? It is, surely, to relate road accident statistics to road usage. Mileage covered by all vehicles might be a false guide because a stationary vehicle, wrongly positioned, may be as much a cause of accidents as a vehicle on the move. Statistical experts perform prodigies of extrapolation (I did *not* say guesswork) and they should be able to arrive at fair figures for road usage by all vehicles. We should then be able to see what the real trends were.

MANY people, when they see one of the scooter-type machines, believe that the basic idea came here from Italy. The facts are not so simple. I would not like to lay down the early history of the scooter because it is lost in uncertainties. I would not even like to claim that I know where the credit for producing the world's first low slung, motorized bicycle should go. But I do know that the aviation pioneer, Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe, was the first to put forward the complete concept of the motorized two-wheeler with low centre of gravity, low riding position, small wheels and good weather protection.

"A.V." recently pointed out to me that there is not today a "low sit-in" because the vehicles on the market are "high

sit-ons"—a good point of criticism and one which draws attention to the admirable basic qualities of his latest "bicar." His early bicar (his own name for it) dates back to 1924 and is almost certainly the first of the present type of machine though in some respects superior to it.

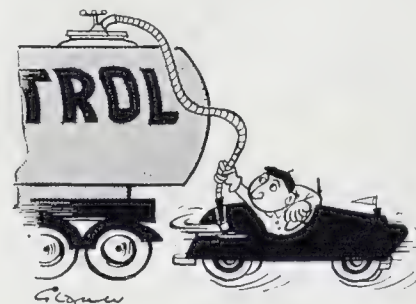
Here, once again, we seem to see an instance of a British invention having to go abroad and then return to England before it is taken up on a large scale. "A.V." not only invented and built his bicar, but he also did the test running. He has done the same with his latest model. This has a quickly detachable body with a roomy boot which can be adapted when a rear passenger is carried. Running on 19-inch Dunlops, it has a top speed of 60 miles an hour and a fuel consumption of 100 miles to the gallon. These are the figures given me by "A.V." himself.

We have some good scooters now building in this country, but I do not think that any of them show the practical originality of the model Sir Alliott Verdon-Roe has designed and built. In short, the last word on scooters has not yet been said.

By incautiously referring to a suggestion that petrol should not be rationed, but its consumption controlled by price—the price to be adjusted by the imposition of tax—I stimulated a number of correspondents to write to me and, although most were in favour of the idea, there were some who poured scorn upon it on the ground that it was "rationing by the purse" which, of course, is exactly what it is.

I dislike intensely the modern priggishness which suggests that certain things should be made equally available to those who are ready to pay for them and to those who are not. The power to pay depends upon the readiness to do without some things in order to have others. Those of us who really prefer motoring to other ways of getting about are ready to make economies in many things if we are but allowed to continue to use our cars whenever we wish to.

—Oliver Stewart



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, with the Duke on pillion (left), is seen learning to ride a British-made Vespa motor scooter. These small easily handled Italian machines have proved immensely popular and economical

DINING IN

Mapping the menu

It is a pleasure to lunch or dine with a man who knows how to order a meal and, generally, men are better at this than women—in restaurants, at any rate. I can never understand why, because it is women who plan, order and cook meals for their families. A man will look down the menu to what we might term the “main dishes” and, knowing the specialities of the restaurant, will remark on them. When his guests have made known their preferences, he will turn back, as it were, to the preceding courses.

How often I have seen an inept meal-orderer set out by saying, “What would you like to start with?” The result is that, very often, having chosen the first course, one discovers that a desirable main dish would not go with it. So, for the sake of young cooks with little experience, I would emphasize that, whatever the meal will be, the first thing to decide is the main dish.

One I like to serve—because we like it and also because it is very good-tempered—is an inch-thick slice of ham or gammon with various toppings. You can cook it very slowly—indeed, you can go out and leave it to look after itself—or you can place it in the oven at a higher temperature and it will still behave perfectly.

Most of today's mild ham does not need any preliminary soaking. But trim off the rind and nick the fat all round at inch intervals. Brush one side with French mustard and sprinkle with a few grains of ground cloves. Place, mustard side down, in a shallow oven-dish and brush on more mustard and ground cloves. Cover with thickly sliced skinned tomatoes sprinkled with a little freshly-milled pepper. (It will probably not require any salt.) Cover and bake for an hour at 350 deg. F., or gas mark 3 to 4.

Just before the meal, if you like cheese with ham and tomatoes, add his final touch: On the tomatoes, place thin slices of cheese such as *Paece*, *Fontina*, *Gruyère*, mild *Cheddar*, *Caerphilly* or processed. Slip under a hot grill and, when the cheese is bubbling, the dish is ready to be served, with, perhaps, potatoes or canned broad beans.

Another very pleasant topping is thickly sliced peeled and cored apples. Place the ham in an oven-dish, sprinkle it with a little dry mustard and a tablespoon of Demerara sugar. Top with the apples and finish with another tablespoon of the sugar. Add just enough water to cover the bottom of the dish. Cover tightly and bake as above. Remove the lid and slip under a hot grill to glaze.

CLEAR *consommé* with, perhaps, *Julienne* vegetables gently cooked and added to it, also a small measure of sherry, would be an excellent introduction to the main dish. For a sweet? Well, if you have used Yorkshire batter for a sweet, do try the following: Sift together 6 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt and a level tablespoon of sugar. Work the yolks of 2 small eggs, one at a time, the grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 4 oz. (under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint) milk. Leave for about an hour, then fold the lightly stiffly beaten egg whites into the mixture. Turn into a well buttered large pudding basin, as it should be only one-third full. Cover with greased greaseproof paper and steam for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Turn out and serve with black cherry jam or stewed apricots.

I have just met some very attractive hand-made Swedish crystal glasses—a set of cocktail, sherry, wine and liqueur glasses—designed for the House of Gilbey by R. Bennett-Willson, M.S.I.A. There are small wine glasses for “reds” or “whites” and large goblets for champagne or water or soft drinks. With the exception of the cocktail glasses which splay out a little at the top, all are straight-sided. With their stumpy, sturdy stems and good solid round bases, they are most pleasant to handle. The glasses are boxed in units of six at a price of 36s. (6s. each glass), but for the goblets the cost is 42s. per unit (7s. each). An attractive feature is that the sherry, wine and tall champagne glasses can be safely stacked, one within the other, to conserve storage space. Another point is that they will be replaceable for years. Their name, by the way, is “Gilbeyglasses” (one word).

—Helen Burke



Pamela Chandler
MARCEL CACCIARDO from Cannes, having made a considerable success of the Restaurant Marcel in Sloane Street, has just opened La Surprise in Knightsbridge Green. He is seen discussing the day's menu with the *maitre chef* at the Restaurant Marcel, Charles Fabre

DINING OUT

Bouquet from Italy

THE Old Year finished up in a blaze of glory as far as parties, tastings and celebrations of one sort and another were concerned, and it became a trial of strength to survive them.

There was the annual luncheon of the Italian Chamber of Commerce at the Criterion in Piccadilly, where Charles Forte, the President, was in the chair, the guest of honour being the Rt. Hon. Peter Thorneycroft, P.C., M.P., President of the Board of Trade. Among a long list of guests were the Italian Ambassador, Count Vittorio Zoppi, and Sir Cullum Welch, O.B.E., M.C., the Lord Mayor of London.

A very original idea regarding the wines which were to be served at the lunch was to place a large map of Italy at the entrance to the restaurant and, on small shelves round the map, bottles of the wines which were available, with a ribbon from the neck of the bottle to that part of Italy from whence it came. So you had plenty of time to make up your mind between an *Asti Gancia* (a sparkling wine) from Piedmont, a *Soave Bolla* from Verona, a *Chianti Brollo* from Florence, an *Orvieto Abboccato* from Orvieto, a *Marsala* from Sicily, or *Strega* from Benevento.

The menu, which was all Italian, included *Filetto di Bue London House*, which was a fillet steak enclosed in pastry, stuffed with *foie gras* and baked. It was carved by fifteen chefs at fifteen carving stations dotted about among the tables, the whole affair being “*un successo trionfale*.”

SEVERAL M.P.s were also present at a tasting of some interesting wines arranged by the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, managing director of Hatch Mansfield & Co., which was held at the St. Stephen's Club. This was not surprising as they only had to walk across the road from the House.

The wines I tasted, which I thought of particular interest, were a *Rheingau, Oestricher Eiserweg*, of great finesse and not too sweet, at 23s.; a claret, *Château du Carillon '53* (Pomerol), which at 11s. I thought was good value; of the Burgundies I tried a 1949 *Côte de Beaune Villages*, excellent at 18s. 6d., and a '49 *Corton* at 26s.; and of the Rhone wines I thought a *Grand Hermitage '52* at 13s. 6d. was of outstanding value.

The next tasting was given by Morgan Furze & Co., to mark the opening of their new office in Drapers Walk off Throgmorton Avenue.

One surprise was the quality of a *Bourgogne Aligote*, a light fresh “steely” wine at 8s. per bottle; and I shall remember a fine *Rheingau-Schloss Reinhartshausener Hattenheimer Stadel Riesling Spatlese 1953*—partly because of the length of its name and because of its considerable body and superb bouquet.

Still among the wine merchants I went to the staff party of Evans Marshall in Water Lane where, arriving rather jaded, I was rapidly revived by a large shot of *Salignac Brandy* topped up with chilled *Perrier* water, a new drink as far as I am concerned and very refreshing—which may possibly account for the expert manner in which the managing director, John Baker, performed to some “Rock and Roll” records played on a gramophone brought down into the cellars to liven up the proceedings.

—I. Bickerstaff

RECENTLY MARRIED



Willy—Gough. The marriage took place at St. Peter-upon-Cornhill between Mr. Christopher Willy, only son of the late Mrs. Eric Malcolm, and Miss Gillian Mary Gough, daughter of Mr. C. F. H. Gough, M.C., T.D., M.P., and Mrs. C. F. H. Gough, of Ashurst, Fernhurst, Sussex



Clayton Evans

Evans—Hill. Dr. Charles Evans, M.D., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Evans, of London and Bognor Regis, married Miss Shirley Margaret Hill, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hill, of Statisfield House, Guildford, Surrey, at the Church of St. Mary, Bognor Regis, Sussex



Lenare

Dennis—Sellar. Mr. Gerald James Hawke Dennis, son of Col. and Mrs. J. H. Dennis, of Coleshill, Buntingford, Hertfordshire, married Miss Dione Isabel Sellar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sellar, of Yew Tree Farm, Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, at St. Andrew's Church, Much Hadham



Right:

Auton—Sheraton. Mr. Neville Auton, Royal Signals, only son of Mrs. A. T. Sladen, of Exley, Ringwood, Hampshire, was married to Miss Angela Mary Sheraton, only daughter of Mrs. F. C. Gibaud, of Linmoor Cottage, Highwood, Ringwood, at Ellington Church, Hants



Watson—Varry. The wedding took place at St. Austin's Roman Catholic Church, Stafford, between Mr. John Luther Watson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Watson, of Armley, Leeds, Yorkshire, and Mlle. Monique Camille Paule Varry, only daughter of Col. and Mme. Varry, of Marseilles, France



Newington—Gordon-Jones. Mr. Michael John Newington, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Newington, of Halmer House, Spalding, married Miss Marjorie Gordon-Jones, daughter of the late Mr. R. Gordon-Jones, and of Mrs. Gordon-Jones, of Castle-town, I.O.M., at St. Simon Zelotes', S.W.3

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peppermint
creams

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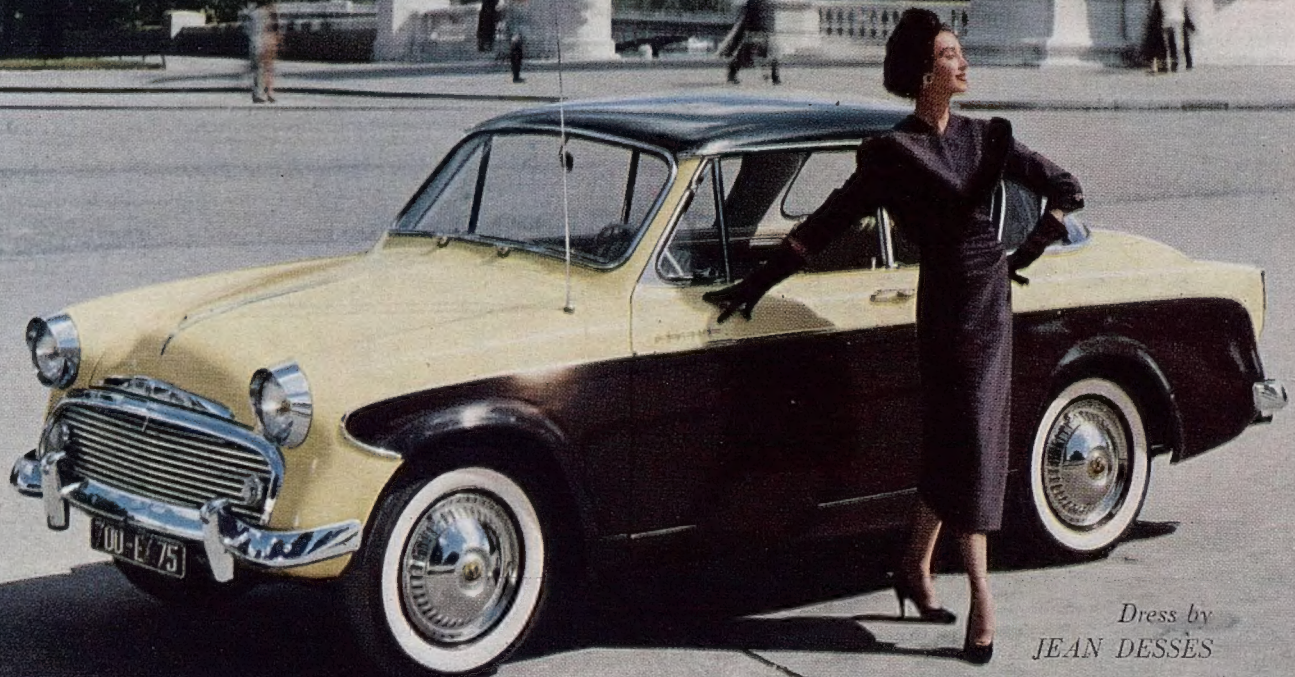
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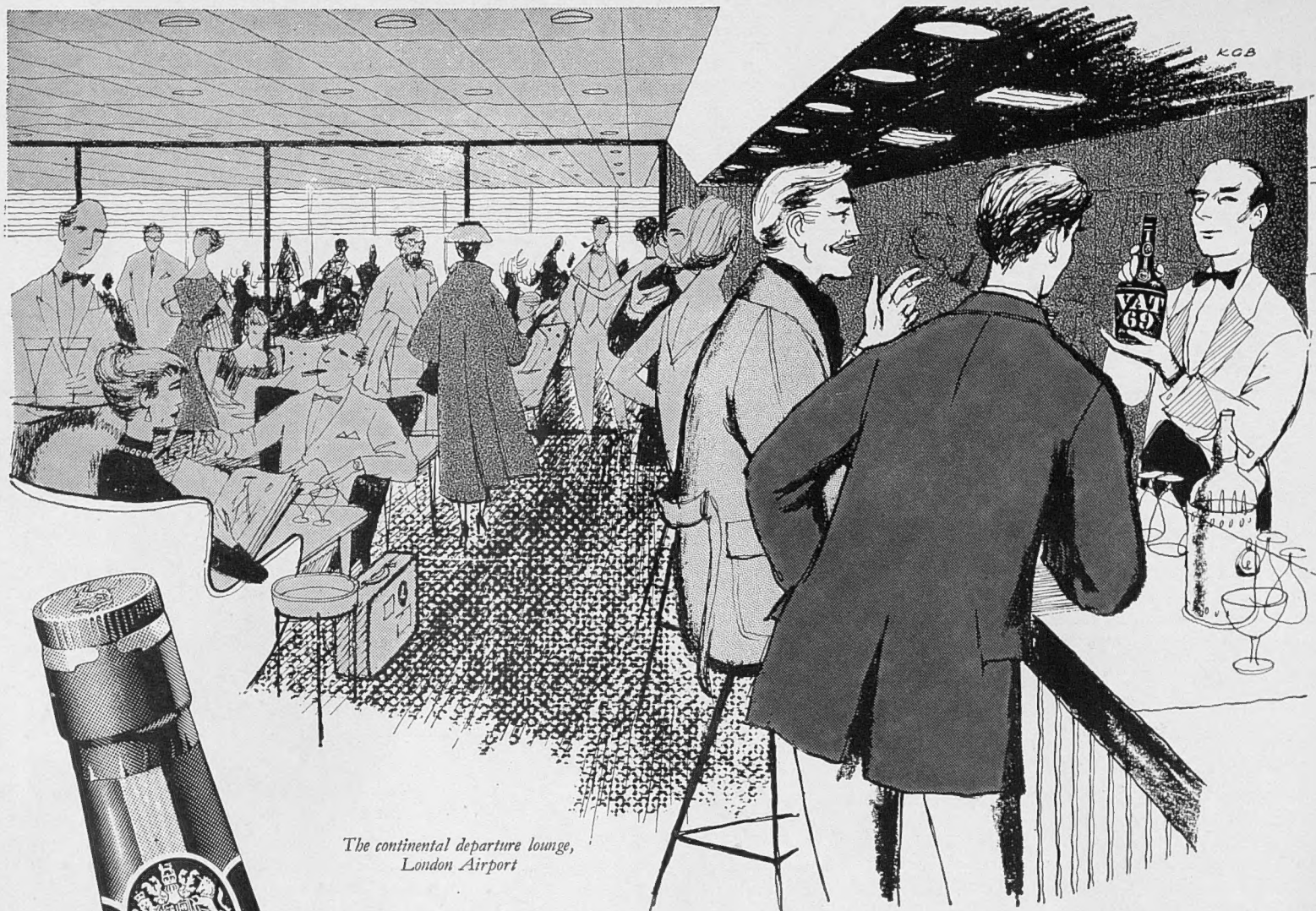
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